“Утюг сука”

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DISCLAIMER: This story contains some themes and content that most will find uncomfortable, namely the rape of an 17 year old German male by a female Soviet IS-2. You have been warned.

“Утюг сука”

Willi Höfler slowly reached up beneath the brim of his Stahlhelm and wiped the sweat from his brow, listening to the harsh, man-made thunder of artillery in the distance. He tightened his white-knuckled grip around the battered Italian Carcano rifle as the ripping sound of incoming shells passed overhead and shook the building around him. He coughed and covered his mouth to keep from breathing in the dust and soot that filtered down from the charred beams overhead. At seventeen years old he was barely old enough to grow a beard, but he could feel the dusting of blond hairs on his gaunt, dirty cheeks. He glanced around the room with tired eyes, hearing the quiet sniffling from one of the younger kids who had failed to hide their fear. There were seven of them – teenage boys, girls, kids as young as fourteen – all exhausted and filthy, huddled in the burnt-out shell of what had once been a delightful pastry shop. Willi’s parents had taken him here last year for his birthday; the increasing wartime shortages had made the small cake a special treat. It was the cruelest of ironies that he was likely going to die here exactly one year later.

The date was April 27th, and Willi lived in Hell.

If there was a better way to describe the current state of Berlin, he could not think of it. The once-proud capital of the Third Reich had been shattered and laid to waste by years of Allied bombing raids. Day and night the bombers of the United States and Great Britain had come to drop their explosive payloads, reducing entire swathes of the city to rubble. Hundreds of thousands had been killed by a rain of death that the *Luftwaffe* seemed increasingly powerless to stop, and countless others had simply fled the city to escape such a fate. Of those that remained behind, many were starving and malnourished. Clean water was in short supply, the pressure gone from the shattered pipes. Without plumbing, people simply dumped their refuse in the streets, spreading disease. Fires raged until they ran out of things to burn, and the unreachable dead rotted beneath the debris. Berlin was a city destroyed long before the Russians even arrived…

But now, the barbarian hordes howled for blood at the gates, a horrifying reversal of fortune from 1941 when the might of Germany had seemed unstoppable. Poland, France, Denmark, Norway, Belgium, the Low Countries, Greece, and Yugoslavia had all fallen to the superiority of the German soldier, and the armies of the Reich were poised at Moscow’s throat. Rommel was kicking the Tommys all over North Africa, while the *Luftwaffe’s* bombers struck at London. Victory had been all but assured, and the Greater German Reich would stand astride all of Europa in a new and glorious age! But one by one, the branches of the *Wehrmacht* had been been beaten back: the *Kriegsmarine,* the *Luftwaffe,* and the *Heer.* Now, not only had the Bolsheviks reconquered the lands lost to the Reich since 1941, but they had invaded the Fatherland itself! In the West, the Amis had crossed the Rhine after retaking France and Belgium, and were also pushing hard towards Berlin.

Only the most ardent supporters of National Socialism still believed the words of victory coming from Goebbels’ propaganda ministry. It was clear that the Führer’s vaunted Wunderwaffen had failed to break the will of the Allies, and in response he had tasked every man, woman, and child left in Berlin with the final defense of the city. For months they had labored, digging anti-tank ditches, erecting bunkers and barricades, and making tank traps from the endless rubble, transforming it into a fortress that would finally break the back of the Soviet advance. And as the Red Army closed in on the city, the *Volkssturm*, alongside the ragged remains of the *Schutzstaffel* and the *Wehrmacht*, would be the last soldiers of the Third Reich.

Willi instinctively flinched as another swarm of Soviet rockets – the damned ‘Stalin’s Organ’ – howled overhead like demons. Eight days ago, those defenses constructed at Seelow Heights had finally crumbled under the weight of the Red Army after a pitched, four day battle. The next day, the Russians had started shelling Berlin and hadn’t stopped firing since. He had thought it impossible for the city to become even more ravaged than it already was, but the relentless artillery barrage had proved him wrong. Buildings already damaged by the bombings were simply collapsing, burying those hiding within under tons of concrete and steel. Each day, the sound of gunfire and tank cannon got a little louder, a little closer to the city center. The Russians had already crossed the Teltow Canal, swarming towards the Reichstag at the center of Berlin and crushing all resistance in their way.

But the encroaching Red Army wasn’t the only thing that the terrified Berliners had to worry about either. As the Reich collapsed

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The Dark Ages had returned to Germany.

But Willi was not going to desert. He truly believed that it was his duty as a good German to defend the Fatherland and the Reich, even if the latter was becoming an increasingly hollow concept. To run away would be to abandon his friends and family, and to spit in the face of those who had already given their lives in his defense. Even if he *had* wanted to flee, his squad of Volkssturm had been taken over by an SS-Oberscharführer named Uwe Gottschalk, a hawkish man who had been fighting the Soviets since Barbarossa. He would have likely shot any of them if he had suspected they might desert. Indeed, one of the younger boys had fled a couple of nights ago and Uwe had beaten the other two members of his foxhole until they were black and blue, screaming at the two boys as tears ran down their cheeks and snot bubbled from their noses. No, Willi was not dumb enough to desert his comrades.

Gottschalk paced back and forth in front of the shattered windows like a caged tiger, with willful disdain for the chaos raging outside. "The bolsheviks are approaching!" The man shouted, "But they are walking *straight* into our jaws! Their panzers are vulnerable in our streets! Their own artillery hampers their movement!" He stabbed his finger in the direction of Tempelhof Airport, which had been besieged by the Soviets for several days now. "Our comrades valiantly resist the Russians with their every breath! The Führer expects all of us to do the same! We will fight them here, we will *stop* them here! The future of the Reich is counting on us!" The younger members of the group watched in awe at the man's confidence. With such a fine example of Aryan superiority leading them, how could they lose? Uwe then locked his steely gaze on Willi, making a chill run down his spine. "Volkssturmmann Höfler! How many Panzerfausts do we have left?"

Willi lunged to his feet, the rifle clattering at his side as he stood at attention. "We have eight Panzerfausts remaining, herr Oberscharführer!" He barked, his back straight. As the oldest 'soldier' under Uwe's command, he had been tasked with keeping track of the group's supply of anti-tank weapons. The Panzerfaust was a true Wunderwaffe: cheap to produce, easy to use, and effective. Even though he had never fired one at an enemy tank before, he had seen a public demonstration on how even the least-trained *Hitlerjugend* could still use it with ease. But while German factories had once produced them by the thousands, now it seemed that there were never enough to go around. When they ran out of the ones they had, would they be able to get more?

Uwe nodded and slowly met all their eyes, looking around the room. "The Russian panzers are fearsome, but the Russian soldier is a dog! They are untrained, illiterate subhumans tainted by the sins of Bolshevism and Jewry! Without their armor to hide behind, they are useless! Now, this is what we will do…" He pointed down at a crude map of the intersection drawn in the dust on one of the cafe's tables. "Myself and Volkssturmmann Höfler will take positions *here*. We will use the Panzerfausts to destroy the advancing panzers. This will block the road and force their other tanks to withdraw, where they will be savaged by our mines and 88s. Their infantry will be forced by their masters to advance even without their armor, and that is when the rest of you will strike!" Uwe pointed to several spots on the 'map'. "Here and here! Two soldiers each with rifles. The machine gun will be set up on the second floor of this building. You will cover our withdrawl, and then fall back when I give the signal!" Two boys, both of them barely sixteen, stood sharply by the old MG 34 and saluted. Uwe looked around the room again, making sure he commanded their attention. "Do you all understand?" Dirty faces nodded in reply.

Willi thought quietly about the Oberscharführer's plan as he crouched down by one of two crates stored behind the charred countertop, opening one of them to reveal the four Panzerfausts stored within. He quickly slung the rifle over his shoulder and retrieved a weapon for himself and Gottschalk. Despite his ruthlessness, Uwe understood that they would have to bleed the Soviets and then fall back, trading space for time. Throwing away his soldiers' lives was a wasteful act. But the problem was, they just didn't have much space left…*or* time. Willi hefted the Panzerfausts and set one on the table by Uwe, shards of glass crunching beneath his boots as he peered out into the street from one of the shattered windows.

His beloved Berlin was a wasteland, the air thick with smoke and dust. Not a single building stood undamaged, the streets filled with the scattered rubble of a civilization. Vehicles lay abandoned at the sides of the street, their tires long gone and their fuel tanks long empty. Sandbags and crude tank traps had been constructed out of anything and everything. Ditches and trenches had been dug into the streets, craters made by Russian artillery were used as shallow foxholes and fighting positions for anti-tank guns. Street trams had been packed to the roof with loose rubble and shoved into place to form crude barricades. The morbid joke ran that it would take the Russians twenty minutes to bypass those 'fortifications' – ten minutes to stop laughing at them, and then ten minutes to drive through them.

Oberscharführer Gottschalk again took the lead, striding out through the window and into the street. “Follow me, Volkssturmmann Höfler.” He ordered, holding the Panzerfaust firmly in his grasp. He turned to address his assembled ‘soldiers’ once more. “You all know what is at stake! Bleed the Soviets for every inch of ground! Make them regret ever setting a foot inside the Reich! *Heil Hitler!*”

“*Heil Hitler!*” Seven voices howled in reply. Their confidence bolstered, the German youths rushed to their ambush positions as Willi followed Uwe up along the street of shredded automobiles and scattered rubble. Already the sound of small arms and tank cannon was louder than it had been five minutes ago. He could hear the snarling of diesel engines, the metallic squealing of tracks as the Soviet tanks probed the city’s defenses. Undeterred by the noise, Uwe strode forward without even bothering to take cover. Willi wasn’t sure if this was bravery or insanity, but he held his helmet a little tighter against his head and hurried along behind the man. They rounded a gentle bend in the street, but one that would hide the waiting machine gun from any infantry that decided to follow them.

“*This* is where we will wait.” Uwe gestured to a pile of rubble that had spilled out into the street from a collapsed house. Some of it had already been piled into a low ‘wall’ of sorts by some thoughtful Berliner in preparation for using it as a defensive position. “Quickly, get yourself into position.” He ordered, “They should be here any minute.” Uwe crouched down behind the rubble pile and began preparing the Panzerfaust. Willi shuffled into place beside him, quickly removing the pin holding the warhead to the launcher. The primer was already inserted into the weapon, despite that making it not ‘safe’. But in this instance, having the weapon ready to fire at a moment’s notice was more important than safety. His stomach churned with nervousness, glancing over the debris again and again, each time expecting the Russians to suddenly be there.

The minutes began to bleed together into a nerve-wracking stretch where each echo, each crack of a distant shot, made Willi cringe. A chunk of brick was jabbing into his stomach, but he didn’t dare reach down to move it. More artillery thundered down on Templehof, bombarding the German strongpoint there. ‘*At least the Amis aren’t bombing us now…’* He thought sardonically. The encirclement of Berlin by the Soviets meant that the other Allied Powers had ceased their bombing raids, out of concerns of harming the Russians. Willi would have given anything to see one of those devastating bombing raids falling on the heads of the Communists, even if it meant having to endure more of them himself.

He jumped as a diesel engine snarled just up the street, the sound of metal scraping against the cobblestones echoing off the shattered walls. Willi peeked up over the edge of the rubble just a bit and then promptly ducked back down when he saw the blunt snout of a Soviet T-34-84 appear around the corner. The commander was cautious, stopping to inspect the street in front of him. Brown-clad infantry huddled around the tank, shielded from attack by the machine’s metal bulk. The city was eating up tanks and men like a wolf ate rabbits. *But there were so many rabbits…even a wolf got full.* Uwe must have sensed Willi tensing because he shoved Willi back down against the ground before he even realized that he was starting to stand. “Not yet.” He growled, glaring at the Soviet panzer. “Wait until you *know* you will hit…” Willi didn’t like that, not one bit. That meant they would be more than close enough to hit him back. He held no illusions of his ability to dodge machine gun fire.

The T-34-85’s commander finally decided to continue his advance, the engine roared and gushed exhaust as the tank pivoted in place, lurching into motion towards them. The infantry advanced with the tank, men carrying rifles and submachine guns. At least ten of them, Willi counted. Laying there, watching the tank approach, and being able to do nothing made every part of Willi want to get up a run. Get up and scream. Get up and do *something*, *anything!* He could feel the weight of the tank vibrating through the ground like an earthquake, fragments of brick and mortar skittering off the pile of rubble. “Not yet.” Uwe repeated, and then again. “*Not yet.*” That blunt machine gun at the front of the tank pivoted from side to side, looking for targets. Targets like *him*. Soviet soldiers were close enough that he could see the whites of their eyes, some starting to move in front of the tank. They were going to be spotted if –

“*Now!*” Uwe lunged up from behind the rubble pile when the T-34-85 was no more than ten meters away, leveling his Panzerfaust at the tank barreling towards them. *Bang!* The high explosive shaped charge lashed out and slammed into the Soviet tank’s hull, detonating in a flash of flame and smoke. Fragments of molten metal *spanged* off the cobblestones as the tank ground to a shrieking halt. Willi thought he could hear the agonized screams of the crew inside, but the sound was drowned out by a volcanic rumbling that grew in volume as flames gushed from the hull and the hatches. A human torch managed to claw itself halfway out of the commander’s cupola before the entire turret blew off, a massive fireball of exploding ammunition and burning diesel lobbing the several ton turret into the air. The hunk of flaming metal arched over and smashed through the side of a building, showering rubble down onto the street below. A pall of noxious, greasy smoke boiled up from the wreck and flooded the street with choking fumes.

Willi cautiously peered over the rubble and stared at the blazing, mangled wreckage, shielding his face from the searing heat. [illegible]s of flame raged from the twisted hole where the turret had once been; strips of molten rubber dripped down from the bogies onto the shattered tracks. The infantry that had been advancing with the tank were nowhere to be seen, driven back by the savage heat and the destruction of their armored shield. Even though he could hardly breathe, a savage cheer clawed its way up out of his throat, his heart pounding with panicked elation. The Russians had been driven off by their stinging attack! With the street blocked by the wreckage, the Soviet tanks would have to withdraw and find a new route, and the chokepoint would leave any infantry that slipped through vulnerable to small arms. For one small moment in time, Germany was victorious again!

It was only then that Willi realized that he had pissed himself.

The victory evaporated the instant another powerful engine roared, turning his stomach to a black pit of ice. Tracks squealed and rattled, the sound growing louder and closer with each moment. As he watched in horror, the burning hulk of the T-34 was smashed aside in a storm of sparks and rent metal by the biggest tank he had ever seen. The cobblestones crumbled beneath its sheer bulk, nearly twice that of the ruined T-34. The gun sticking out of the broad-faced turret stretched on for miles. Black smoke and fire whorled around the hull, burning diesel dripping from the tracks as it drove through the blazing fluids of its wrecked comrade, making it look like it had just emerged from the bowels of Hades itself. Willi was frozen to the ground, petrified by the icy claws of fear tearing into his guts.

"*Scheiße!*" Uwe cursed, "IS-2!" Willi didn't care *what* it was, he had to get away from that *thing* before it killed him! Finally in that primal part of the human brain leftover from when we were rodents scurrying under the feet of giants, Willi's flight response finally overrode the paralysis of his higher thoughts. He pushed himself to his feet and turned to bolt, but Gottschalk grabbed him by the collar and hurled him back down to the ground. Uwe slapped him across the face and jerked him back to the rubble pile. "Fire your Panzerfaust, you fucking coward!" He bellowed, his eyes alight in rage and…something more frightening. "Fire it, or we're both fucking dead!" Willi's hands were suddenly clammy with sweat, shaking as he snapped the leaf sights into position, sighting it on the approaching monster. It was so close and so large that he could hardly miss… The trigger gave a brief instant of resistance beneath his fingers… *Bang!*

The launcher jumped in his hands, spitting a ten-foot plume of flame and exhaust out behind him. The warhead smashed against the turret of the IS-2 in a shower of sparks and smoke. Willi's heart leaped for an instant, thinking he had actually slain this mechanized Goliath, but then the metal beast rumbled on as if though it hadn't even felt the rocket carom off its armored hide. He dropped the empty Panzerfaust tube and scrambled to his feet before Uwe could grab at him again, bolting back towards the ambush site as fast as his feet would carry him. His lungs burned as he ran, his heart clenched in his chest, tears streamed down his cheeks. He felt his ankle wrench as he stepped on a brick, but he didn't stop. He caught movement at the edge of his peripheral vision and made the mistake of looking back over his shoulder.

As brave as he was, as vicious as he was, even Gottschalk knew when it was time to retreat from a lost fight. The SS officer was also running from the tank as quickly as he could, though his face lacked the look of pure terror that Willi knew was plastered on his own. He didn't want to think about the reaming out that he would receive from the SS officer when they escaped. If Uwe didn't execute him for cowardice, he would consider that a miracle. As it turned out, he wouldn't have to worry about that anymore. The bow gun on the IS-2 opened up with an absurd hammering noise. Dust and chips of stone kicked up around Gottschalk's feet, sparks jumped from the car husks he was dodging between. Another burst of fire nearly chopped him in half, throwing his body to the ground in a spray of blood and dust without even a cry of pain.

Willi rounded the bend as fast as his ankle would carry him, pain wrenching up his leg. If he could just get another Panzerfaust..! A rifle bullet cracked past his head, and then a machine gun opened up, stitching a line of impacts only a foot in front of him. He yelped as fragments nipped at his ankles and he tripped, slamming against one of the abandoned cars. The machine gun made a different sound than the stuttering Russian gun…it was the MG34! It was *their* machine gun! The ambush was shooting at *him!* Now Willi was the one screaming in rage as bullets snapped overhead, rattling against the car's body and keeping him pinned down, but his allies couldn't hear him. They just kept firing in their excitement. Willi never thought he could imagine a situation where he hoped his *own* side ran out of ammunition, but here it was!

He could hear the tank coming, the sound of metal smashing as it shoved cars off the road or crumpled them like tin cans beneath its weight. The gun poked around the shallow bend in the road, the turret rotated enough that he could see the Cyrillic writing painted crudely in white on the green metal. '**Утюг сука**'. Sparks started dancing across the front glacis and turret of the the tank as the boys shifted their fire to the obviously more threatening target. Willi jumped to his feet again, feeling his ankle flare in protest at the abuse, but this was his only chance! Another rifle bullet, Soviet this time, ricocheted off the hood of the car he was trying to clamber over, tugging briefly at his sleeve as it sliced a hole in the fabric. The IS-2 lumbered to a stop, the turret slowly rotating as it aimed at the winking muzzle flash from above the bakery…

h of white fire erupted from the IS-2's massive cannon, the pressure wave snatching at his uniform. Willi screamed and clutched at his deafened ears, dust and the stench of gun smoke were literally rammed down his nose and throat. The machine gun instantly stopped firing, the MG34 and the two boys manning it obliterated by the shot. The Panzerfausts downstairs in the bakery also detonated in their crates, adding to the destruction that blew the building to rubble. Fragments of brick and splinters of glass rained down around him, but half-maddened by the concussion Willi didn't even notice. Blood trickled from his ruptured eardrums, a shrill ringing screamed inside his skull. Hot tears blurred his vision into a mush, but he could still make out the shape of the damned IS-2 looming over him. He squeezed his eyes shut and waited for the machine gun rounds to tear into his body…but they never came.

One minute and an eternity later, he was still breathing. Willi slowly opened his eyes, blinking rapidly to clear away some of the tears. The IS-2 sat motionless only meters away, its engine idling loud enough to hurt his damaged ears. "What?" He rasped at the tank, his throat raw from the smoke and from screaming. The Soviets inside must be laughing at him. "What are you waiting for?! Kill me!" He suddenly didn't care anymore. Death would be better than suffering like this! He scooped a chunk of stone from the street and hurled it against the IS-2's hull. "*Verdammt Sie*! Just kill me!"

The engine snarled and the tank lurched forward, clanking on heavy tracks. Willi flinched and tried to scramble back with his hands, his momentary defiance evaporating in a blink. They were going to crush him beneath the tracks! He tried to get to his feet and run, but he had no balance and fell to the trembling earth. He sobbed and scrabbled at the ground, trying desperately, frantically, to drag himself out of the way. Too slow, he would never make it. Tracks screeched and kicked up sparks and dust from the street, the massive tank grinding to a halt only inches away from crushing him into red paste. Its engine rumbled in a way that sounded like heavy breathing, white fumes drifting up from the exhausts. Willi stared up at the metal behemoth, quivering like a leaf on an autumn tree.

"*Vyyti. Ya budu zabotit'sya o etom.*" A voice growled loudly from within the tank. Willi understood no Russian, but it was a woman's voice! His tormentor was a *woman*! There were quieter voices from inside the armored hull, but these he could not make out as clearly. "*Ya skazal vyyti! Teper' !*" The brutish-sounding woman boomed, even louder than before. Then to Willi's utter astonishment, the hatches on the tank opened. One by one, the crew of the tank slowly climbed out from the top of the turret, their bodies filthy and sweaty. Their uniforms were in tatters, and it was obvious that they had not bathed in weeks. Despite his disorientation, Willi couldn't help but stare in disbelief and dismay. *These* were the people that had beaten Germany? They were walking wrecks! The four of them glared vitriol at him too, as if though this was *his* fault, but then they shrugged and seemed resigned to the situation, gradually fanning out to stretch and relieve themselves. What in Hell was going on? Then Willi abruptly realized that not a single one of them were *women*.

The IS-2's engine revved again, the tank shuddering as that broad turret began to rotate – there was still someone inside the tank! Willi was too close for the massive cannon to aim directly at him, but the turret stopped turning when it faced him. Then an *eye* opened up on the right side of the turret, just beside the gun mantlet, glaring down at him. Willi's thoughts went utterly blank. He was certain that he had just gone insane. Or maybe he was dead after all. Either one of those explanations were more plausible to him than the fact that the *tank was staring at him!* That cycloptic eye seemed to sneer, the blackened smear of gouged metal where his Panzerfaust had hit gouged over the it like a scar. "*Knabe komm.*" The tank growled in crude, thickly accented German.

To compound the living nightmare in front of him, a seething cluster of metallic cables slithered out from beneath the tank's chassis, snaking across the ground directly towards him. All rationality fled as the first of those cables snared around his ankle. "N-Nein! Nein!" He screamed, kicking at the cable as it slithered up his leg. A second cable whipped around his other ankle and together they began dragging him towards the tank. He tried to find something, anything to grab hold of, but there was nothing. He didn't even know where his rifle had gone. "Let go of me! What is happening?!" He looked over and saw more Soviet infantry cautiously advancing further into the city. "Help me! *Ich gebe auf!* I surrender!" He sobbed, pleading with the stone-faced Russians. He'd rather face them than what was happening to him! But they saw the tank and pointedly ignored him, leaving him to his fate.

"*Vyyti izvivayas', malen'kiy cherv'!*" The tank…shouted at him, and a metal gauntlet cracked across his face. His ears rang even worse than before, the stinging pain threatened to make him black out. More cables looped under his armpits and around his chest, binding him tightly. Another curled dangerously around his throat, the firm pressure choking off his protests. He felt the tendrils tighten further and haul him off the ground as though he weighed no more than a sack of potatoes. Willi kept trying to struggle against his bonds as much as he could, yelping in sudden pain as he cracked his shins against the spare tracks bolted to the tank's lower glacis. "*Ya skazal, brosit' dvigat'sya!*" Another slap, harder than the first, brought him to the ragged edge of unconsciousness.

When the blackness finally retreated from his vision, Willi was sprawled face up on the tank's hull, his arms and legs pulled spread [illegible] over the upper glacis like a prisoner on a torturer's rack. The driver's viewport jammed painfully against his spine, and those metal cables coiled so tightly around his wrists and ankles that he did not have the strength to move them by even an inch. The metal of the tank’s hull was rough and pitted from crude construction and battle damage, and uncomfortably hot. He could feel the vibrations from the engine, and the sharp bite of diesel fumes hanging thick in the air made it difficult to breathe.

The tank’s cannon hovered over him, his head only centimeters below the mantlet. Thick, silvery fluid dripped from the metal and onto his face, his skin tingling wherever the liquid touched. He sputtered and tried to turn his head away, but one of those metal hands grabbed his hair and yanked his head back into place. The heat radiating from the tank grew nearly oppressive as the cannon began elevating towards the sky, a gray seam widening in the green-painted metal. It seemed to twitch and pulse before his eyes, looking…alive. He felt a hand claw at his uniform, sharp metal fingers knifing into his collar. With alarming ease, the hand raked down the front of his coat and shirt, ripping the fabric apart and exposing his chest. Again and again her claws struck, shredding his dirty uniform into scraps of fabric that barely clung to his body. Pips of blood quickly rose in the angry red scratches she had gouged in his skin.

The tank’s engine revved again and the hand slid lower and gripped at his privates. Tightly, too tightly! Pain whited out his vision, a squeak slipping past his lips as he grit his teeth from the pressure. A moment later, he squeezed his eyes tight in shame as he felt his penis bared to the open air. “*Teper’ vy znayete, chto ya odin v zaryada.*” The tank growled, finally releasing her vice grip on his cock. Willi sagged against her hull and whimpered, closing his eyes and wishing it would all stop. The trickle of silvery fluid was almost constant now, drooling rivulets of mercury running down his chin as he kept his mouth closed tightly. The hand gripping his hair jerked his head up towards that oozing seam. He tried to twist, to turn his head away, but it felt like his scalp was being ripped off. Without even a chance to hold his breath, his face was jammed up into the steaming port, the smell of hot iron flooding his nose. A bit of that mercury fluid also found its way up his nostrils and he sputtered, coughing frantically. This only opened his mouth and let more of the tank’s bitter fluid pour in. He spat it out, struggling again as he gagged. He couldn’t breathe. He was going to be smothered!

“*Da! Yesh’te moyu pizdu, vam fashistskaya kiska!*” The tank rumbled in perverse delight, grinding his face deeper against her slit. Willi’s head swam, unable to breathe. He swallowed down a mouthful of her hot fluids, wanting to retch at it flowed down to his stomach. His heart surged against his ribs, electricity raced through his nerves, his limbs tingled down to his tips of his toes. His fists beat uselessly against her hull as her steely hands fell upon his cock again. “*Vy vyzvali. Zhalkiye.*” She roughly stroked his length – which became shamefully hard despite his distress. His eyes watered as his lungs screamed for air. She – the tank – pulled his head away just for long enough for him to swallow a desperate breath of air before she mashed his mouth back against those oddly soft folds. Too soft for metal, but it *was* metal. Why was he noticing this? Why did he care? Why did he feel so warm? The IS-2’s engine roared, the vibrations shuddering through his body. She continued to jerk him off without a hint of tenderness, strong metal fingers sliding back and forth over his shaft.

Willi gasped and gagged on the metallic fluid pouring down his throat, his struggles rapidly weakening as his strength started to ebb. His thoughts felt hazy and distant, tears trickled down his cheeks as he slowly, reluctantly, stuck out his tongue into the writhing, oozing metal. It was painfully, terrifyingly clear what the tank wanted, even though he didn’t understand how or why, or even what. He just wanted to survive this… The tank’s engine seized up, her metal hand going still against his cock, but only for a moment before the gears crunched back together and she howled in delight. She pulled his hair even tighter, shoving his face even deeper against her port. He grit his teeth, feeling the flood of warm fluid flowing over his face, dripping down onto the tank’s glacis plate beneath him, and dripping off her hull to the shattered street below. The soft metal mashed and squelched with liquid as his tongue desperately probed her depths. His cock twitched beneath her fingers, slick with silvery lubrication and precum. But the IS-2 was much more worked up than Willi. She jerked forward on her tracks, metal linkage squealing against the drive sprockets. Revving louder, and louder, it would be a surprise if the entire Russian advance didn’t hear her roaring engine and cries of pleasure. *“O yebat’ mat’ d’yavola!”* She snarled, screwing that one eye tightly shut. *“Bystreye, shlyukha!”*

Those steel hands, those metal cables tightened so sharply that Willi practically cried out, feeling his bones ache, his flesh and muscles bruising under the sheer tension pinning him to her hull. It felt like an eternity, this steel behemoth screaming and shuddering beneath him. Had she been a human, she would have been thrashing her head back and forth. Willi slurped and lapped his tongue around inside her, feeling it tug on his, almost crushing the soft muscle. Silvery fluid flooded around his lips and tongue, more than he could swallow. He shut his mouth and gagged again on the gunmetal and kerosene taste that coated his tongue and warmed his belly. He was vaguely aware of his own cock throbbing and spurting all over the tank’s hands, but it was a distant, hollow feeling that left him even more drained then he already was.

Just as suddenly, her grip on him disappeared and he practically slid off the tank’s hull and flopped to the ground. Willi curled up on his side and retched, trying to empty his stomach of the contents sloshing around inside. For a moment, he forgot about the tank looming over him, about the scraggly Russian crew standing off to one side, or the infantry scurrying past. He forgot about the ry and rockets pounding the city to dust and rubble. His entire world was centered around him and what had just happened to– *Pain.* White-hot, blistering pain instantly made his world shrink to a blood-red pinprick. At some point he became aware that he was screaming, only because he had to take a breath to replace the air gone from his lungs. The IS-2 carved across his back, slowly, deliberately, a metal talon slicing a symbol into his flesh – a mark for the whole world to see. It was too much for him to handle. Consciousness flickered, and then fled completely.

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When Willi finally awoke, the sky above was nearly dark, lit only by the fires and distant flashes of still more artillery. He was laying on the side of the shattered street, discarded like a piece of garbage. Every part of his body was in agony, from his scalp to his toes. Scratches and bruises covered almost every inch of his skin – the tank must used him more than once after he had passed out… His back felt like molten iron had been driven into his flesh, and the shredded skin of his shoulderblades was stiff and sticky with dried blood. Slowly, very slowly, the world started to come back into focus, and it was only then that he noticed that the heavy throb of the IS-2's engine was long gone. Lifting his head, he saw that the tank was no longer there, just a trail of crushed cobblestones and rubble. The sounds of fighting were well past him now, the Soviets even closer to the Reichstag, the city center, than they had been this morning. Even the ruined T-34 had stopped burning…how long had he been laying there?

He staggered to his feet and looked around in a daze. The tattered shreds of his uniform barely clung to his body, his ankle barely held his weight. How had he avoided being shot out of hand by the Russians that he knew had to have passed him? Why was he not being herded together with all of the other prisoners and being shipped off the the Siberian gulags? He didn't understand…was it something to do with what the tank had carved into him? Had she…*intended* for him to be spared of the Soviet's wrath? He could understand someone not wanting to get on the vehicle's bad side, but… He shook his head harshly, even desperately. He was alive, that was all that mattered. If this…mark that the IS-2 had given him kept him safe from the Red Army…at least long enough to wait for the war to be over…maybe he could even make his way West towards American lines…

He sagged wearily as exhaustion crashed over him like a wave, almost slumping against a wrecked car. Whether he tried to make it to the Americans, or just waited for the war to end around him…he needed to rest. Time to sort out his thoughts, to try and clean himself as much as possible… He saw a particularly large flash, a fireball rolling up over the shattered rooftops of Berlin and stared at it blankly. He didn't flinch. He was too tired, too uncaring, to flinch. He wasn't sure what would come next, but one thing was for sure, his war was over…

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Hello again, everyone!

It's been a very long time since I last posted something here, (Holy shit, November 2014.) and for that I apologize profusely. I am not a very fast, nor a very consistent writer (as Ratbat will vehemently attest to after months of wanting to see more of my stuff completed), and I am also a perfectionist, so I tend to take a lot of time picking apart and rewriting my stuff. I also hemmed and hawed about writing, and then finishing this story because I was both uncomfortable with the content and didn't know how well it would be received. And then after spending so long on it, I started to get burned out on the concept. Add that to various real-life issues, and it was very unlikely that this story would have seen the light of day. So, thanks again to Ratbat for egging me on to complete this. This story's completion is more of her effort than anything.

So, I feel that I should clear things up first and foremost. I ***do not*** condone rape, nor am I trying to trivialize it. The fact that it is a male being forced into a sexual situation does not make it any better. However, the idea originated back when I was writing Operation: LUSTY. Originally, I pictured Petra being much colder and more aggressive towards Kenneth, even to the point of being mean, and she was not going to be gentle during sex at all. And I had the thought that if a living machine – be it a plane, tank, or ship – was determined to have sex with you, *it was going to have sex with you*, and it wasn't going to really matter what your opinion on the matter was. There is no way a human could be stronger than the vehicle. And while romantic and passionate sex is all well and good, it's not the only kind of sex there is. I couldn't make the concept fit very well with Petra without a severe reworking of the entire story, so I instead decided to take that idea and apply it to a different one set during the climactic end to the War in Europe: The Fall of Berlin.

By Spring of 1945, the Red Army was overwhelming the last, desperate defenses that the Germans had to offer. Hitler was only days away from killing himself, and the Soviets had a long list of grievances that they were going to repay the Germans for, with interest. The weight of Soviet artillery shells dropped on Berlin during between April 20th and May 2nd was greater than the total ge dropped by Western Allied bombers on the city *during the entire war*. The Germans, having long-since scraped the bottom of the manpower barrel, employed the Volkssturm, the Hitlerjugend, and even the police to help reinforce the few gutted SS and

Wehrmacht divisions that still remained. During and immediately after the battle, there was widespread instances of vengeful Soviet troops (mostly rear echelon units) raping German women in retaliation for what German soldiers did to Russian women during their invasion of the Soviet Union. And that was what made me think of the IS-2 having her way with Willi, despite his struggles.

Now, some of you might be wondering why Willi is using an Italian bolt-action rifle during the battle for the German capital. That’s because when Italy capitulated to the Allies and switched sides, the Germans pretty much took over what was left and continued to fight the Allies, and in the process secured thousands of Italian-made Carcano rifles. By the time the Fall of Berlin was taking place, the arms industry in Germany was more or less nonexistent. So, they began arming Volkssturm units with the Italian arms they had confiscated.

I apologize if the ending was a little weak. I didn’t really know how to wrap it up, but I didn’t want to hold it up any longer. If I come up with a better ending, I’ll edit in the new one at a later date. I’ve got more ideas line up, and hopefully moving on to a fresh subject will mean faster posting, but I won’t try and make promises this time. Hopefully, you guys are happy with this, and as always, feedback and critiques are welcome.

Thank you, everyone.

CerebralError

CEREBRALERROR, IS-2, Story, tank, WWII
17 Comments

Kamov Redux

December 16, 2014 by Ratbat

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This story was an RP written before the knowledge of Atoll Lab was told and is based loosely upon the picture ; https://titanatelier.com//wp-content/uploads/2014/06/Kamov3.jpg

story by CerebralError:

The blinding snow whipped around the nondescript hangar in the middle of the frigid Siberian airfield, piling in steep drifts along the sides of the building. No planes ever seemed to enter or leave it or the other hangars – at least not under the watchful eyes of America’s KH-11 spy satellites – and the decayed state of the runways and base facilities lead those that cared to write the base off as abandoned, a leftover of the nearly bankrupt and unstable post-t military. However, this would have been far from the truth. The simple matter was that the aircraft serviced inside the hangar had no need for a runway, and the Russians were well aware of the Keyhole satellite's flight path. All personnel were instructed to be inside at set periods of the day, under threat of death, to keep the anonymity of the base secure.

Tucked inside the hangar was a single helicopter, at first glance a Ka-50 'Black Shark' attack helicopter, comparable in function to the American AH-64 'Apache'. But upon closer inspection, the helicopter was somewhat smaller than a full sized Ka-50, and shorter in length, almost like it had been slightly squashed from nose to tail. Looking even closer, the boxy, angular fuselage was expanding and contracting ever slightly, rhythmically. The helicopter was -breathing-. Down at its nose, a visible mouth was slightly parted, the sound of turbines winding up and down with each inhale and exhale. Just above the mouth, around where the base of the cockpit met the fuselage, a thin seam was visible where the helicopter's eyes were, closed as they were in its slumber.

Kamov shifted slightly in his sleep, the seams in his biosteel flexing and popping lightly as he shuffled into a more comfortable position.

The relative silence of the hangar was soon interrupted as the overhead lights came on in long, fluorescent strips. The harsh light filled the large room. "Kamov!" called a woman's voice, in the same way one might call to one's best friend – the kind of friend it's okay to insult. "Wake up, you lazy thing!" The speaker walked out into the hangar with the loud clack of boot heels on hard concrete. "You were supposed to be awake and getting breakfast half an hour ago, you lazy machine. How do you think it looks on our reports when you're late? It looks horrible, that's how – almost as horrible as you!"

The woman wore what looked like a cold-weather uniform – A heavy greenish jacket, with equally heavy and equally greenish pants, furred at the collar and cuffs. Her heavy black boots were also furred around the cuffs, and shone like black mirrors. Even though she possessed a nametag, it read only 'RUSALKA' with no rank or forename given. She was pretty enough, in a rugged sort of way – strong chin and heavy cheekbones, with dishwater blond hair pulled into a tight bun, eyes so dark it was hard to tell if they were blue or brown as she flipped the hood on the jacket off.

"Don't make me use the air raid siren, Kamov, you know I'll do it!"

As each bulb buzzed and then snapped to brightness, more details of the Ka-50 emerged. The bright red Russian star emblem on his tail. The drooping contra-rotating rotors that emerged from the top of his fuselage, competely eliminating the need for a tail rotor. The green, tan, and black of his camoflauge pattern. Kamov's eyes squeezed shut even tighter when the lights flooded over him, and only wearily cracked open at the sound of Rusalka's voice, calling him a lazy and horrible machine. He knew she was only joking, the two of them were about as close as anyone could be. They had to be, since she was his pilot, and he was her helicopter.

Kamov stretched again, his seams groaning and popping as he arched his tail up almost to the level of his rotors. The helicopter yawned deeply, his turbines winding up at the hearty intake of oxygen. His open mouth was full of sharp teeth, fitting for the nickname of 'Akula', Shark in the Russian tongue.

"You try sucking down cold fuel every morning, and see how enthusiastic you are…" He mumbled back, but he smiled and pushed himself up on his landing gear. "Did you sleep well, Rusalka?"

The woman watched the machine stretch and move on its own volition, the biosteel flexing and popping. To anyone else, it might have been an odd sight, but it was a sight Rusalka had known since she was created. She was as much an experiment as he was, in fact the same experiment. She took off the heavy jacket – it was cool in the hangar, but not cold, and revealed that for all the helicopter's odd biological appearance, she was little better. She wore only a tank-top, because it was all she could wear, with the metal plating along her back and the two odd 'fins' near her shoulder barely allowing the jacket to fit.

She approached the helicopter and trailed a hand up his side, feeling the pleasing warmth of his biosteel. "I suck down cold gruel every morning, Kamov, and I do it without complaining because I know everything is cold here. That is the downside of remote experimental bases in winter. It would not matter if your fuel were heated to just under explosive temperature, it would be frozen slush by the time it hit your tank," she said with a smile. "I slept as well as could be expected. I wish they would let me resume sleeping in you, but they worry about too much exposure when linked, or some such nonsense."

Kamov groaned, a metallic sound that echoed inside the hangar. "But it is -always- winter here, Rusalka." That wasn't completely true, but in Sibera, it might as well have been. "Couldn't they have built our hangar down near the Black [illegible] Or in Primorsky. It's nearly tropical there!" He also grinned. The helicopter always bitched about the cold, but he wasn't really complaining. He understood the need for this secrecy. Not even the Americans had a helicopter as advanced as he was. And if they did, they were keeping it and its pilot just as buttoned up as he was. Possibly in Alaska, somewhere. If so, that helicopter was probably bitching about the cold as well, and being softly chided by its pilot.

Kamov leaned into the gentle touch of her hand, smiling warmly. “I miss those nights too…” He said softly, remembering the feeling of wholeness he had when Rusalka slept within his biomechanical body, her thoughts and feelings linked to his. He dreamed of his pilot often, as he had before she had woken him. Even though he was considered a machine, a piece of highly experimental and classified equipment to the Russian Army, his biomechanical nature meant that he was, in some aspects at least, alive. He had thoughts, emotions, and as he had come to realize lately…needs and desires.

From beneath his fuselage, a snake-like manipulator arm emerged from inside, slithering out and up to clasp softly around Rusalka’s hand. “I dreamed again.” He said gently.

“Now that isn’t fair, it isn’t always winter here. Why two months ago it was absolutely a balmy summer – you could spit and it wouldn’t freeze until it was on the ground, I very nearly bought a bikini,” she replied with a grin. “You complain too much, Kamov. You know what the military says about wheels that squeak?” She leaned in close and whispered, “They say ‘A squeaking wheel? Destroy that vehicle it may give away our position!'” She laughed and patted what passed for a cheek on the helicopter. “Maybe one day they will assign us to proper duty and we will be allowed to go elsewhere, until then – drink your fuel you flying fool, or you’ll get the entire project in trouble.”

The two of them had been engineered as two parts of a single organism, a war device that was incomplete and weakened when they were apart. She had grown up beside Kamov, as he had ‘grown’ alongside her, and for much of her childhood, she had spent her nights sleeping in Kamov’s cockpit. It was no cockpit like in traditional vehicles – it was a tight space, warm around her. There were no controls, no viewports. Fleshy, yes, but in an odd way that she wasn’t sure she could put into words. The ports along her back plugged into ports of his own, and he became her eyes and ears and hands. He responded at her superior reaction time, and things were done before she could have worked mechanical controls. But lately the scientists had begun restricting her from sleeping in him. She wasn’t sure why, though she suspected they were simply afraid of what sleepwalking would do when one’s body was an attack helicopter.

When the manipulator extended and grasped her hand, she gave him a reassuring squeeze in return, and even pressed her cheek to the metal. “I know, Kamov. I dreamed too. Every night. This is wrong, and hopefully they will soon realize the stress it is causing and allow us to sleep properly.”

Kamov grinned at what she said, since she was also confined to this base just as much as he was. And he doubted that bikinis were a piece of clothing she could simply requisition. As it was, Kamov barely knew what a bikini was, only that it was a rather revealing article of woman’s clothing that was popular in warmer climates. He’d never seen one before, although he was certain that she would look beautiful in it. He was less inclined to laugh at her joke about squeaky wheels – it was something all too likely to be true – and the helicopter gulped softly. “Maybe someday, yes.” He nodded, “I promise to drink my -cold- fuel, Rusalka.”

Kamov brushed the warm biosteel of his canopy against her cheek, continuing to hold her hand. He could faintly feel the pulse of blood under her skin. “I dreamed about you.” He continued, another manipulator sliding out, this one touching the hem of her tank top. “It was…strange. But…exciting!” The helicopter’s tubrines whined as he started breathing a little heavier as he recalled more elements of his dream. Further back along the underside of his fuselage, beneath the weapons hardpoints and his engines, something started emerging. While it was doubtful that this had been part of his original design, one advantage of biomechanical airframes was the ability for the aircraft to ‘heal’ itself from damage received in flight. Somewhere along his development with Rusalka, Kamov’s airframe had developed this extension in response to his feelings for the pilot he had known ever since he had woken up years ago.

Rusalka leaned in close and rested her head on his for a moment. “Good boy,” she murmured in teasing praise, then placed a kiss on his metal hide. He had no blood to feel pulse, and no true circulatory system, but she could feel the soft hum of power through his biosteel skin, the little flexings and motions of a living creature. “You’ll manage to keep us out of trouble yet if you continue to act like this,” she teased, then she felt the touch of another manipulator arm on the hem of her tanktop, and heard the way he mentioned his dream… How it was strange. Exciting.

She flushed pinker than the cold had left her when she realized what he was saying. She was embarrassed… But she’d never hidden anything from Kamov. She couldn’t. They were too close when they were connected. Every thought was there. So she flushed, but she squeezed the manipulator again. “I… Dreamed too, Kamov. Strange and exciting. I dreamed of you above me, holding me, doing things to me… Things that you can’t do, but I dreamed of them anyway.” she heard something, saw some flicker of motion, and she looked further down the helicopter’s body. Her dark blue eyes went wide. “Oh…” She looked down at something that… Appeared to be some kind of phallus, emerging from where a weapons system was often mounted. “Oh my…” She looked from it to Kamov, confusion on her face. “Kamov, when did that… When did you get that?” she asked. There was awe in her eyes, surprise. But there was also that same confused feeling he had just divulged…

Kamov also couldn’t blush, lacking any means to do so. But he felt a rush as Rusalka admitted she had also dreamed, dreamed of the same things that he had, even though they had not been linked. He saw the surprise in her eyes as she looked beneath him, and Kamov grinned sheepishly, a rather surprising fact considering his shark-toothed grin. “I don’t know, Rusalka…” He confessed to her. “I noticed it a few days ago…but I didn’t know what it was for until the dreams.” Already, thick drops of fluid bubbled at the tip of the semi-mechanical phallus, dripping down onto the hangar floor below. It was somewhat clear, and looked similar to the ECL that surrounded her inside his cockpit. It throbbed eagerly, and Kamov’s turbines were a constant whine now, his actual engines engaged to bring in a constant draw of oxygen. The remaining two manipulators eased out now, one curling around her ankle, the other extending up to caress her cheek.

Kamov flexed again, pushing himself slightly against his pilot. “I want this, Rusalka.” He said, smiling. “And I think you do, too.”

“I see…” she murmured, still sounding shocked, still wide-eyed and staring. Her breathing mirrored his, without the whirr of turbines. It was growing deeper. Faster. Her body was reacting to this display in a way it had never reacted for the soldiers who occasionally tried to work their way into her pants, despite not quite being human like them. She knew how the dance went, she’d been educated, but she had never gone through the motions. She simply had no interest in such things… Until now. Until she felt Kamov’s warm biosteel against her.

It was seeing the thick, clear drops of ECL at the tip that finally snapped her out of it. The way it throbbed… She realized she was panting, and shook her head a bit to look Kamov in the face. She didn’t fight the manipulators, because she knew as well as he did that he was right. She turned her cheek against his manipulator, and then kissed it. “Not just this,” she answered with a smile. “Anyone, anything could give me penetration, simple sex.” She reached down with her free hand, reaching for her pants. The thick cold-weather pants were tightly belted, buckled, zipped. It took effort, but she got them undone one-handed, leaving herself prime to be undressed. “I want /you/, Kamov. I want my other half inside /me/ for once,” she joked with a faint blush. “But… Be gentle. You’re much stronger than I am, and we… Don’t know how you work yet,” she murmured, eying that protruding phallus-like construct…

Kamov smiled softly and watched Rusalka intently as his pilot reached down to slowly unbuckle her winter pants. Once the buckle and zipper were opened, one of the manipulators slid down and clasped around the waistband, giving those pants a firm tug down her legs, exposing her underwear and the smooth white flesh of her legs. Of course, he had seen much more of her body, she often wore nothing when she was inside him. But somehow, this was different. “I promise I will be gentle, Rusalka.” He vowed in the same tone as he had done when he promised to drink his fuel. He would never hurt her, -could- never hurt her… “I want you too…this feels -right-.” He growled softly. The manipulator holding her tank top began pulling it up, revealing both more smooth flesh, and shiny metal graftings.

Kamov was just improvising. Normally used to Rusalka giving commands and orders, and leaping at her thoughts, now the helicopter was operating on his own, and trying to be as gentle and caring as he could. With the dream fading, there was less and less of it he could try to draw back on. But, somehow, he could sense direction, almost like Rusalka’s thoughts guiding him on…or were they his own? The manipulators were strong enough to lift her, and he did so, carefully scooping Rusalka off her feet and maneuvering her beneath him. Not all the way to the throbbing, dripping phallus, not yet. But enough so that he could kiss her – awkwardly, his mouth too big and not shaped right for this, but tenderly, with all the love he could muster.

Rusalka gave a shiver as her heavy pants were dragged down from her waist, leaving her in her white underwear. Her skin was pale – in this cold, one didn’t get out in the sun, and she looked as white as her underwear. Her legs were strong, toned and fit, and they flexed as she kicked off the thick boots she wore, fumbling to rid herself of the thick socks as well by stepping on the toes and kicking away. Eventually she was rid of it all, and she unceremoniously kicked it aside as the arm across her chest lifted up on her tank top… Her pale skin shifted rosy pink near her nipples, with pink little areola and a firm nipple capping each breast. The metal seemed to almost grow out of her skin, and cupped her entire upper back, and even across her sides a bit. The same biosteel that covered Kamov, it was flexible, and warm to the touch, but the texture change could be shocking. Her bare breasts were high, firm, warm… And they bounced slightly as she was picked up off her feet and pulled beneath the helicopter.

She realized what he was doing when his mouth fell on hers. It wasn’t a great fit – his mouth was larger, and much more angular. But she still loved him for it, she still gave a soft sigh and returned the kiss as tenderly as it was given. wrapped her arms around the helicopter’s undercarriage, pushing her mouth firmly to his despite the awkwardness, and as she adjusted, she felt something warm, slick under her foot… Her sole rested in a growing puddle of ECL near the throbbing, twitching biomechanical shaft Kamov sported. With a sudden flash of mischief, she put her other foot in it as well, getting both soles slick… Then raised her feet, brushing the now slick soles across the pulsing dark cock that until moments ago, she hadn’t even known existed…

Kamov looked at Rusalka’s increasing nudity with a new perspective, no longer merely a sign of readiness for training. The firmness of her breasts, the warmth of her pale skin, the crisp pink of her nipples, the contrast of soft flesh and toned muscle beneath. He wasn’t shocked by the difference in texture between her skin and the biosteel that made up her implants. In fact, Kamov paid the ‘seam’ between her skin and the metal extra attention with the little claws at the end of each manipulator arm. He also slithered one of the deft manipulators up her smooth stomach to touch her breast, experimentally squeezing it.

He kissed her again, loving the warmth of her skin against his as she wrapped herself around him, especially in the coolness of the hangar. Kamov growled softly, a metallic rumble through his fuselage, before his eyes suddenly shot open at the feeling of one of her feet…then both of her feet, along the sides of his shaft. Kamov’s turbines revved, and the helicopter shuddered, her touches rewarded by a fresh spurt of warm ECL that spattered against her thighs and belly.

Rusalka shivered softly as Kamov’s manipulator arms made their way across that seam, giving a soft gasp. It was like a series of little static shocks all up and down the biosteel plate in her back when he did that, and she arched slightly beneath the helicopter as he teased her there. She let out a breathy laugh and kissed at Kamov’s steel skin again, giving an approving ‘Mmm, yes!’ when that manipulator hand slid up her flat, trim belly to her breast. She arched more sharply at that touch, her warm feet stroking softly back and forth across the shaft beneath the aircraft, teasing him but not giving him the kind of regular stroking that could lead to overexcitement.

It still led to excitement though, and as she began to frantically kiss at her other half, raining kisses across his mouth and metal skin, she felt the warm lubricant splash against her smooth skin and giggled a girlish laugh as she swatted playfully at his fuselage as it rumbled. “Such a messy machine. Perhaps you should try to keep that from happening, hmm?” she asked with a smile as she practically cuddled against the aircraft’s undercarriage. “In fact, yes – I think for every time I feel ECL splash out onto me, I’ll just get slower with these,” she said mischievously, and for several seconds her soft, warm feet stopped moving against Kamov’s phallus-like protrusion entirely before resuming… Much more slowly. “Waste nothing, Kamov,” she continued with a teasing tone before kissing him again, ignoring the shark-like teeth in his mouth to flick her tongue in with a soft moan.

Kamov responded to her eager approval, much like how he responded to her commands when flying, squeezing at her other breast with the manipulator, before bringing the one around from her back to play with both breasts at the same time. He held her warm body close as she arched against him. Kamov’s fuselage creaking and popping as he shifted and flexed as he felt her feet sliding back and forth along his ELC-slicked shaft. “Rusalka…!” He gasped over the sound of his winding turbines, squeezing his eyes shut again. “That’s…not f-fair!” He protested feebly, before being silenced by her kiss, her small tongue slipping inside his mouth. Kamov returned the gesture, his much larger tongue easily filling her mouth. While the helicopter was more than strong enough to force himself upon Rusalka, he couldn’t do that, not yet.

He fought to control the pulses of ECL as his shaft throbbed wildly beneath Rusalka’s slow-moving feet. “You are cruel, Rusalka.” He said, although there was no malice in those words, just burning desire.

The blond was trying to hide her own eagerness as she felt Kamov’s warm manipulator hands sliding around her… She hugged him back, trembling as his own biosteel slid across the plating on her back as he moved the manipulator hands over her body. The creaking, popping and metallic sounds as he shifted above her were pleasant to her ears – the sounds of her other part. She held herself to him as much as he held her, body pressing warmly to his metal skin as she softly, slowly stroked that length… Her feet slid languidly up and down, pressed to either side. Her toes wriggled against the ‘skin’ of it as she worked his member, and when his much larger, thicker tongue filled her mouth, her feet picked up in speed, becoming much faster and firmer, but much less smooth in their motion as the aircraft’s tongue pressed hers aside to feed into her mouth. She blushed, but she accepted it with a certain eagerness, moaning around it as she tried to fit as much as she could into her mouth.

When he pulled away to call her cruel, she grinned and stroked along his fuselage with both hands, arching to make her firm breasts easier targets for the surprisingly gentle hands on the end of his manipulators. “Mmm… You call me cruel, but I can feel you… You’re throbbing like mad against my toes, my love,” she teased, almost kicking – that was how hard she was working her feet along that thick artificial shaft. “You complain like always, but you like it, I can feel it. Be good, Kamov, and it will be better in the end if you are anything like I have heard human men are, I promise – I dn’t leave half of myself with no pleasure at all, would I?”

Kamov rumbled again, trying his best to not release another spurt of fluid as Rusalka's feet moved with speed and friction, flares of delight erupting inside. He partially succeeded, not spurting across her stomach, but instead releasing a thick dribble for a few seconds that pooled on the hangar floor beneath them. His airframe alternately sagged and tensed, sending shudders through his rotor blades."Yes, Rusalka…" Kamov panted, before he kissed her again with metallic firmness. His two manipulators eased down from her breasts, across her stomach, and down between her legs. One gently, but firmly, pulled one of her legs aside, and the other slithered across her sex, gliding back and forth along the entirity of her slit.

The grin that Kamov gave her was smug, even though it might have not been 'being good' as she had instructed of him. "If I get to be teased, then so do you." He growled again, leaning forward slightly until her bottom rested in the pooling ELC, the helicopter gently pinning her to the floor. This freed up the remainder of his manipulator arms, one of them winding out to its fullest length and dragging some sandbags over to pile up behind Rusalka, giving her a rough 'cushion' to lay against. The other went down and pulled her other leg aside, giving him better access to her slit.

The woman could feel the dribble of ECL that the aircraft released in the way it made the thick cock-like structure underneath her soles pulse and swell in a pleasantly organic way. The way his heavy frame flexed, tensed and relaxed above her made her feel… Pleased. That she had made him do that without piloting him. When he kissed her again, she kissed back heatedly. She'd found that the best way to approach kissing him wasn't to try to press lips to lips, but to press tongue to tongue, and she welcomed his thick, strong tongue into her mouth again as she gazed up at the helicopter lovingly. She felt his manipulators leave her breasts and sink lower, but even though she was prepared, she still was shocked by the feel of his warm metal against her folds.

The way he pulled her leg aside pulled her foot away from his phallus-like protrusion and left her simply rubbing her other foot along the underside of the helicopter's prick as she gasped and arched sharply, pressing her wet, slick folds against his metallic 'arm' as it teased her. "I'll get you back for that in the air," she replied with a grin, even as her words broke into another moan. For all her urges to be the pilot and control the situation, control him, she realized as he pushed forward until she was gently pinned beneath the aircraft's warm, metallic bulk that she was more aroused by the way he'd just behaved… His tugging her legs aside pulled her other foot away from his shaft, leaving it untouched and dripping ECL freely as she squirmed against the sandbags, working herself into a more comfortable position as the lubricant her helicopter had leaked warmed her rump against the coolness of the concrete. "So big and strong," she murmured. "You make me so proud to be part of you, Kamov. Will you show me how strong you are, Kamov? Will you show me how disciplined and careful you can be?" she asked urgently. "I've had enough teasing – I want you, Kamov, I want you inside me for once. Let me feel that, but carefully. I was made strong, but you are far stronger, my love."

Kamov's fuselage flexed from side to side, his tail boom arching up. The growl that rumbled through his body was nearly constant now, a sound that Rusalka might recognize from the dogs around the base as a sound of possession. Kamov didn't even seem to be aware that he was making such a sound, and if he did, he seemed rather okay with it. Kamov lifted himself slightly, shuffling forward on his landing gear until the tip of his heavy shaft probed at the entrance of her slit. He pulled the manipulator arms away, and instead coiled them around parts of her body. One snaked around her leg, another curled up just beneath her breasts, the third around her wrist, and the last slid up onto her belly. Eased on by his lover's words of praise and encouragement, Kamov made final adjustments in his position and hers, before the helicopter slid that throbbing, dripping member inside her.

Nearly three inches in diameter, it was a tight fit that would have likely been impossible if not for the heavy volume of ECL that kept it slick. The whine of his turbines reached a deafening volume, and that rumble increased as he pushed himself deeper into Rusalka. He kissed her firmly, his tongue meeting hers, the manipulators also pushing Rusalka slightly further down to make up for his lack of flexibility. "You downplay your strength, dearest Rusalka…" He panted, grinning softly. His metal skin was almost hot to the touch, and had he a heart, it would be racing. "I love you, Rusalka."

That rumbling growl that he was giving off shook Rusalka to the core. It resonated through her in all the best ways. She recognized the near-feral possessiveness of it, and she clung fiercely to the helicopter in return. She was his; And he was equally hers. The heat of him pressed to her skin; The deep rumble of turbines and hydraulics shook him as he growled, and through him shook her. As he lifted himself and shuffled forward, the smaller human grasped each side of his fuselage, making him look down at her. "Prove you're mine, Kamov," she growled up at him, fixing him with a firm stare. "Make me yours and I'll make you mine, dearest."

As his manipulator arms shifted around her body, she almost felt like she was being constricted. Her body was moved, arranged to the aircraft's preferences, leaving her open, vulnerable. She took a soft, hissing breath as that thick phallus pressed to her moist folds, and she rocked her hips, helping him adjust; then that thick biomechanical shaft parted her netherlips and pressed smoothly forward with the precision and steady motion that only a machine could have been ble of. As her damp petals and hot inner walls squeezed tightly around the member invading them, they stretched wider than Rusalka had thought they ever could. A loud, pained groan escaped her mouth, but she muffled it against

Kamov's metal hide, and it was drowned out by the sudden increase in noise from his turbines. The vibration they caused as they revved transmitted through his biomechanical body and into the maleness the helicopter had buried within her, making her bite her bottom lip and groan for a different reason as she was pushed downwards, her body surprisingly accepting of Kamov's erection as her inner walls squeezed around it, impossibly tight and moist around him. As the aircraft spoke, the human opened her eyes and answered only by kissing him again, panting as she rained kiss after kiss down on his hot biosteel casing.

Kamov didn't say anything now, simply growling as he held her beneath his body. He thrust into her as best he could, flexing as much as his biosteel frame would allow. He could feel her tightness clamping down on him as he slowly pistoned deeper inside her, inch after inch. His shaft spurted ECL inside her, the clear fluid dribbling out of her sex and onto the floor beneath them. His eyes were squeezed shut, feeling the flutter of kisses along his metal underside. His nose practically ground into the hangar floor as his next kiss, the deepest one yet, pushed her head back firmly against the sandbags. The manipulators caressed her belly and stroked over her breasts, even managing to tease her nipples with the little claws at the end. Soon, though, Kamov's flexibility reached its limits, and he had to stop or risk structural damage. Still, even though most of his dripping, vibrating shaft still remained outside her, nearly a foot of it was planted inside the warm, clenching dampness of her sex.

Kamov's rotors clattered slightly, his turbines still howling and likely drawing curiosity from anyone outside the hangar. "We are whole again, Rusalka…" He rumbled. "You are -mine-. And I am yours." Another rumble shuddered through Kamov's airframe, down into the phallus sunken inside her. The helicopter groaned, closing his eyes tightly as the first heavy spurt of ECL gushed inside her, much more volume than any human would have been able to produce.

Rusalka was overwhelmed by the sensations. She'd never dreamed that she could feel /whole/ like this outside Kamov, but she was – she felt gloriously, magnificently whole again. The feeling of the aircraft above her, thrusting with the kind of power only machinery would be capable of. She reveled in the power she could feel, thrumming through every inch of his metallic skin as his frame bent and flexed, working his newly discovered shaft deeper into her folds. They wrapped around his biomechanical cock, putting hot, tight pressure around every millimeter that he managed to work into her, and only growing moreso as she felt the spurts of ECL he was leaving inside her. She liked the feel of it – it was warm, familiar, and unique to him. She was surrounded by it when she was in his cockpit, and she smiled as she realized she was surrounding it, now. Then he moved, pressing her head back harshly against the sandbags, and she could feel his metal scraping roughly against the concrete of the floor as he gave her the deepest kiss she'd ever had. His tongue managed to wriggle almost entirely into her mouth, and she moaned hotly around it, the taste of him overwhelming her own mouth as she practically sucked on the helicopter's tongue, her body arching to press her skin against his own increasingly hot hide when his claws found her stiff, pink nipples. He was giving off a lot of heat, and she was beginning to sweat beneath him, but she didn't notice a bit as she felt him sink deep into her.

The aircraft had buried enough of that thick, throbbing maleness within her to cause the outline of it to be visible as a faint bulge up into her flat, toned belly, flexing inside her as her inner walls squeezed and milked, teasing the twelve inches he'd fit inside her. "Yes!" she answered breathlessly, her hips working to stimulate him as she was held tightly to his metallic frame. "Whole… Feels so good!" the pilot gasped loudly, and when she felt the deep, satisfying rumble feed through Kamov's body and through the faux-phallus he'd planted in her depths, she gave a loud, sharp cry of pleasure, the fine, rumbling vibrations through something so deep inside her triggering a sudden orgasm that caught even her by surprise, and she only grew more incoherent as she felt the sudden thick, warm rush of ECL into her, in a much greater quantity. With his sizable shaft plugging her, it had little place to go, and indeed served a biological purpose it hadn't been intended for. Kamov hadn't known he had a penis until biology had seen fit for him to use it… Likewise, Rusalka didn't know her own body had been undergoing similar changes, and though she supposedly had no womb, no ovaries by design, her body had seen fit to fix that in a way… The ECL rushed into a womb-like chamber inside her, stretching it, awakening it, preparing it for something to come… And the stretching sensation made Rusalka's dark blue eyes snap open, a confused yet pleased sound escaping her mouth…

Spurt after spurt of warm ECL flowed into Rusalka's 'womb', still plugged shut by Kamov's shaft. Soon, the bulge of his cock was slowly softened out, and soon vanished and Rusalka's belly began to bulge from the volume of ECL being pumped into it. Kamov slowly pulled his lips away from hers, his broad tongue withdrawing from his lover's mouth, a small trail of fluid linking them for a second. The helicopter panted, the sound of his turbines wavering faintly, Kamov's reluctance to guzzle down cold fuel this morning was starting to come back to bite him. He'd burned through a lot of energy, and it wouldn't be long until he was too weary to continue. But the helicopter still had a little bit left in him, and he planned to make the most of it. One of the manipulators slid down and gently rubbed Rusalka's lightly swollen tummy, Kamov letting our a happy rumble. He groaned and bent his airframe just a little bit further, his seams groaning alarmingly, his body making a bow shape when viewed from above. He shuffled himself forward just a little bit further, so that Rusalka was off-center to him, and a little further back.

His shaft pivoted on the weapons mount beneath him, and now with her a little further back, he was able to push in a few more inches of its length and girth inside her. He could feel every inch of her clenching, pulsing walls, even the very back of her. He could go no deeper without harming her, or himself. The vibrations were firmer now, and occasionally the reverberating 'pop' of straining metal transmitted down into her body. Kamov kissed her again, softer this time, gently turning her head towards his. "Thank you, Rusalka…" He spoke wearily, "Thank you…" A final shudder rattled through his fuselage, and another gush of ECL surged from his shaft and into her womb. Already swollen from his previous ejactulation, Rusalka's belly now ballooned, swelling even further and giving her the false appearance of pregnancy, her pale skin drawn taught.

The ECL being spurted into her in an unnatural but oh-so-perfect simulation of seed was icing on the cake to the human beneath him. Her artificial womb was, quite literally, made for this, and it stretched in ways no human analogue could have managed. It was made to inflate and hold, and it was doing just that. As Rusalka panted and moaned around Kamov's thick tongue, she gyrated her hips, teasing the length inside her with the movements and pressure. When the aircraft pulled his tongue away from her, she was shameless in raising her head and letting out an 'Mmm' as her tongue found that trail of saliva and licked it up again. His panting and wavering turbines made her worry, but it was nothing compared to the pleasure he was giving, and she was unable to make herself stop panting, stop moaning his name, to make sure he was okay. When she looked down herself, she could see her bulging belly, slightly rounded, and she gave an ecstatic shiver. /Kamov did that,/ she thought to herself in a haze of pleasure. /He did that to show he loves you, Rusalka, so do not let him go unrewarded./ She was still too pleased, too aroused, too needing of his shaft inside her and his great weight and size over her, to worry about the way he was bowed. Instead she groaned as she was repositioned, and she spread her legs as wide as she physically could… And gave a loud cry of happiness and pleasure as she felt him sink a few more inches into her body. She was absolutely full of him – she thought – and it was the most amazing experience of her life. Every single millimeter of her tunnel, from stretched-taut folds to the back of her artificial womb, began to squeeze, to milk, to stroke – to pleasure him.

The pops and pings of metal strained as far as it could be strained and on the edge of failure alarmed her, but she was unable to make her renegade body stop. The vibrations it was causing simply made her toes curl, nd she gasped hard for each breath as she let him push so deep… Her kiss this time was as tender as his, though no less heated than the one before it. She did her best to give him a full kiss, not just his tongue but his mouth, moaning hotly for him. "Mmm, no, my love. Thank you. Thank you. Thank you," she repeated, each repetition earning the tiring machine another delicate kiss. She felt the shudder in his body before she felt this one, final ejaculation, and her body was prepared. Not just ECL, this final series of spurts was laden with a thick slurry of biosteel molecules, silicone molecules, everything her own body couldn't naturally provide. Her 'womb' knew what to do with it, and was already beginning the slow process of restructuring the molecules into a new life form, like herself. She gasped "OooOOH! KAMOV! YESSS!" Her last word came out a hiss as she felt her belly draw up taut, expanded as far as it safely could, pressing firmly to Kamov's undercarriage as he pressed down on her. Her hot, tight walls milked him as efficiently as any machine, rippling up his synthetic cock to coax more of that resource-rich ejaculate into herself as she shuddered and shook uncontrollably in the first orgasm she'd ever truly experienced underneath the biomechanical helicopter.

Kamov sagged after the intensity of that ejaculation, slumping to the side so that he did not risk rolling on top of Rusalka. The helicopter's rotors dragged against the ground, and his turbines sputtered, winding down. His fuselage expanded and contracted with each deep breath, but he relaxed the tension that had been straining his airframe. The manipulators took a moment to respond, slowly unwinding themselves from Rusalka's body, even though one continued to lazily stroke her taut belly. As the synthetic shaft slid from her sex with a slimy 'pop', the excess ECL that was not held in her womb gushed out and onto the floor. His shaft was steaming, and wisps of it also drifted up from her pussy to disapate in the hangar air. His shaft withdrew back into the space in his belly, being covered up as if though it had never been there. Using his manipulator arms, Kamov slowly and gently hugged Rusalka's body against his, feeling her afterglow-warmed skin against his biosteel. He smiled, letting his eyes close as he nuzzled against her. "I do not think I mind the winter so much, now…" He rumbled softly. "If it means I can be here with you."

Rusalka was in little better shape than the helicopter atop her as he slumped down. Her own body betrayed her in the weakness of afterglow, refusing to work properly. She slumped down, unable to make her limbs obey – they wanted only to go limp and stay that way. As he released the tension he'd been putting himself under in order to penetrate her, the human just lay back onto the sandbags and took deep, groaning breaths as she enjoyed the stretched, taut feeling he was leaving her with. Feeling him withdrawing, she actually whimpered and tried to grab him to stay where he was – but her arms refused to work, and instead all that happened was a lewd 'schlurp' as his biomechanical cock slipped out of the tight hold of her sex. It wasn't until she saw the steam rising from it – and from her pussy – that she realized just how hot the aircraft had become. "Nnng… We may need the cold… To keep you from overheating, Kamov," she replied with a tired grin. "If you'd tried that with anyone else they'd likely be badly burned…" She gasped lightly as he moved her, pressing her swollen tummy against his hot metal skin to nuzzle her, and her arms finally reacted. She reached up, resting her hands on either side of his mouth where cheeks might otherwise be, and caressed them. "They [illegible] us apart too much, dearest Kamov. I think I will… Use stronger language to convince them to allow us to at least sleep together, if not in you. I refuse to not sleep in your hangar," she answered, groaning. A certain amount of ECL had escaped, splashing messily to the floor, but most of it, along with his final gift, had been retained tightly inside her, and was plainly not interested in going anywhere.

And it was only at that moment that Rusalka’s pale face went even more pale. “Kamov? Do- Do they deactivate the surveillance cameras while you sleep?”

CEREBRALERROR, cyborg, Helicopter, ka-50, pregnant, Story
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“Operation LUSTY”

November 28, 2014 by CerebralError

“**Operation LUSTY**”

<Advanced Landing Ground ‘R-71’ – formerly Lechfeld Air Base

<Lagenlechfeld, Germany

<May 29th, 1945

Kenneth Novacek climbed out of the C-47 Skytrain’s cargo bay and down onto the battered tarmac, carefully hefting his aviator’s bag over his shoulder. The War in Europe had officially ended three weeks ago, with the Nazis finally surrendering unconditionally to the Allies on May 8th. Hitler had blown his twisted brains out while the Soviets pummeled Berlin into the ground, and the entire western half of Germany was firmly occupied by the armies of the United States, Great Britain, Canada and France. Judgment would come to those responsible for perpetrating the deadliest war in history, but Kenneth wouldn’t be part of that messy process. Instead he was part of an operation that he believed was just as crucial: Operation LUSTY – the United States Army Air Forces effort to secure and study German aeronautical advancements and technology.

For most of the war, the Germans had been embarrassingly ahead of the curve in weapons technology, and air power had been the real game changer. Air power had allowed the Wehrmacht to sweep through Poland and France with ease. It had been air power had almost broken the back of the British Islands, and just last month American air power had sank the largest battleship to ever float. Eventually the Allies designed fighters which could fly higher, faster and were more heavily armed and armored than what the Axis could field against them, but Nazi engineers kept cranking out advanced technology even as the Combined Bomber Offensive pounded Germany into submission. Cruise missiles, ballistic missiles, radio-guided bombs, jet and rocket-powered aircraft… Only a lack of fuel due to heavy Allied bombings kept the bulk of them on the ground.

Kenneth looked around at the sprawl of devastation and whistled long and low. There wasn’t much left to call Lechfeld an airfield anymore. Allied bombers had reduced it and the nearby Messerschmitt factory to rubble shortly before the U.S. Army had captured the area at the beginning of May. There were plans to reconstruct the base for American use in the continued invasion of Nazi Germany, but those plans were promptly shelved once the Germans capitulated a few days later. However, the Army Air Forces Intelligence Service was *very* interested in the discovery that was made at Lechfeld. Within a week of the war’s end, a man had been sent to train pilots and crew chiefs to fly and maintain the apex of the Reich’s aeronautical technology.

Kenneth walked towards what had once been a line of eight hangars. Now only one remained intact. Junked aircraft littered the airfield, with mechanics trying to scrounge together enough unbroken parts to make other aircraft functional. Temporary structures had been built, and the runway patched so that planes could fly in and out, something that was going to be very important in the next couple of weeks. His briefing said that the first pilot that had been sent found thirty-something aircraft on and around the airfield, most of them damaged or rigged for destruction by the retreating Germans. Others had been damaged by approaching U.S. soldiers or by civilians trying to salvage something to sell. But there was one plane that, while not damaged, no one knew how to deal with. Which is why he’d been summoned by Colonel Harold Watson to fly out to Lechfeld at once.

Even though Lechfeld been bombed out over a month ago, Kenneth could still smell the cloud of scorched metal and burnt aviation fuel still hanging over the area. He tried to imagine the activity that had taken place here in those last desperate months of the war. The last of the Luftwaffe’s pilots scrambling into their planes to try and cut down a few [illegible]s, with time and fuel running out, and knowing that their efforts were futile. The thought was somewhat aided by a furious tirade of German echoing from the sole surviving hangar. Some nervous looking G.I.s stood guard in front of the structure, armed with Garand rifles and M3 Grease Guns. Rather less inconspicuous was the pair of M16 MGMC half-tracks with quadmount .50 cal turrets pointed *inward* towards the hangar doors.

Kenneth angled himself towards them and approached the soldiers standing guard. A tired and unkempt looking Sergeant – one that looked too young to have earned the rank through experience – took a step towards him, but upon seeing the silver 1Lt. bars on his jacket sketched a rough salute that would have left most officers fuming. “Lieutenant.” He offered before going back to holding the submachine gun in his grip. Kenneth quickly returned the salute and took a step back to study the hangar doors, military formality being far from the first thing on his mind. “We found…her…when we were searchin’ the airfield…” He said, pausing for a moment to scratch at a few days of rough stubble. “I gotta be frank with you, El-Tee. I ain’t seen nothin’ like this before. Y’mind tellin’ me just what’s goin’ on here?”

‘No, I’ll bet you haven’t…’ Was Kenneth’s unspoken thought. He took off his garrison cap and tucked it under his arm. “Who found her first, Sergeant?” He asked, ignoring the man’s question. As far as this was concerned, whatever was in this hangar was classified Top Secret. He looked among the faces of the other soldiers to see if the man was amongst them. The Sergeant, slightly annoyed that his inquiry had been brushed off, shook his head and gestured somewhere beyond the airfield.

“That’d be Corporal Schuyler, and he ain’t here, he’s uhh…*restin’ and recuperatin’*, Sir.” The man snorted, knowing *exactly* what the young Corporal was likely getting up to. There were a lot of desperate fräuleins around these parts who’d do anything you wanted in exchange for a pack of Luckies or a chocolate bar. But at Kenneth’s nonplussed expression the Sergeant’s smirk quickly faded and he explained. “We were expectin’ Germans to be in the hangar, but nothin’ like this.” He gestured briefly to a cluster of large caliber holes in the hangar door. “She tried shootin’ her way out when we got close, but the Krauts musta fucked off without reloadin’ her all the way. She only had like a second’s worth of fire…” He snapped his fingers. “Schuyler was *right there* when she opened up, though. Straight up pissed himself, he was shakin’ so bad.” The young Sergeant shrugged. “And it ain’t like we’re fightin’ no more. We’re just doin’ occupation duty now that the war’s over. So we sent Schuyler out to get his wits back.” The man didn’t say *‘And if you got a problem with it, then fuck you, Sir.’*, but the look in his eyes said that he meant it.

Kenneth shrugged off the G.I.’s unspoken insubordination. If Corporal Schuyler was off somewhere getting his ashes hauled, it wasn’t really a concern of his now, was it? Besides, he had more important things to focus on at the moment. The hangar looked like it had been partially damaged from the bomb hits that had leveled the base around it, every window had been blown out, and the entire structure seemed to sag to the side. “Is she safe?”

The Sergeant looked at the Army Air Force officer like he had grown a second head for a moment. Was *she* safe? Finally, the man shook his head and looked back at the hangar. “Hell if I know, Lieutenant. We ain’t been in there since we secured the airfield. She ain’t fired off any more cannon rounds, and either she’s got no rockets or is smart enough to not use ’em.” He gestured to the pair of half-tracks. “And we told her that there’s enough firepower out here to shred a Panzer. So now she just screams her head off all damn day, which ain’t no real treat either.” The Sergeant scowled openly now. “And as much as you flyboys are all over this Buck Rogers stuff, I’m more concerned about keeping my men alive.”

“Thank you, Sergeant. You’ve been most helpful.” Kenneth said quickly, cutting off anything else that the rankled G.I. might have been planning to say. “I would like to ask Corporal Schuyler a few questions when he is finished…recovering from his ordeal. Now, if you’ll excuse me…” He stepped past the Sergeant and walked towards the looming hangar, briefly inspecting the cluster of cannon holes in the door before he opened the smaller, man-sized door and stepped inside. As he turned around to pull the door closed, a woman’s voice growled behind him.

“So haben die Amerikaner schließlich schickten ihre Lakaien.” Turning back, Kenneth laid his eyes on the most beautiful aircraft he’d ever seen. The overhead lamps were off due to lack of power, but the daylight streaming in through the shattered windows caught swirling motes of dust, creating an almost ethereal effect inside the hangar. The diffused light played across her sleek fuselage in a shape that appropriately reminded him of a shark. The leading edges of her wings angled back like a knife blade, perfect for cutting through the air, and from beneath each wing hung an engine nacelle. But these engines lacked propellers – they were jets. This was the first operational jet fighter: the Messerschmitt Me 262. And by *God,* she was beautiful. Even the hated swastika emblazoned high up on her tail couldn’t detract from the allure of such a machine.

A pair of eyes glared daggers at him from beneath the leading edge of her canopy and her mouth, set just behind her forward landing gear, was an angry snarl of razor sharp teeth. A quick check confirmed that she had no rockets nted under her wings, but that didn’t mean that she still wasn’t dangerous. Any cornered creature could lash out and do damage. *“I am not afraid of you, American.”* She boasted in German, not aware that Kenneth was relatively fluent in the Deutsch language. *"I have shot down several of your so-called 'Flying Fortresses' over the Fatherland. I watched them burst into flames and plummet to the ground below! And your Mustang fighters,"* She laughed defiantly, *"They were so slow! They could not even touch me. And if* ***they*** *could not harm me, American pig, just what can* ***you*** *do?"*

Kenneth let her boast as much as she wanted. All the Germanic pride in the world wouldn't change the fact that her side had lost the war. *'And to the winners, go the spoils.'* He thought to himself. And what a spoil she was! Reports of the Nazi jet fighter had emerged in April of the previous year, a plane so fast that piston-engined aircraft might as well have been nailed in place. A plane that had come right out of a science fiction serial. It was only in the last few months of the war that the Luftwaffe had really turned the Me 262s loose, and in that time they had managed to damage or shoot down several hundred aircraft. There was nothing in the Allied arsenal that could keep up with them. If the Nazis had more of them sooner, then the war might have gone rather differently. Thank God for that. He also didn't point out to her that most of the Me 262s destroyed during the war were done so when they were the most vulnerable – on the ground.

Kenneth took off his leather flight jacket and set it onto a nearby tool cart, ignoring the faint twinge in his shoulder. He looked up to meet her eyes and shrugged.*"Just what do you expect me to do, hmm?"* He asked back with a grin, savoring the split second of surprise that registered on the Me 262's face when she realized that he could speak German too. To her credit, she recovered quickly and glowered at him again. *"I am only here to talk to you, nothing more."*

*"Do not speak lies to me, American! I may be your prisoner, but do not expect me to cooperate."*The Messerschmitt jet spoke defiantly, watching him closely as he walked around to view her from the side. Her body was painted a soft blue-gray on the undersides of her wings, engine nacelles and fuselage, while the top half was varying shades of feldgrau camouflage. A white Balkenkreuz was painted boldly on both sides of her fuselage just behind her wings.

"This isn't an interrogation," Kenneth said calmly, moving behind the jet to inspect her tail. *"The war is over now, and we don't expect you to know where the Luftwaffe was developing aircraft. You are just a soldier, after a-"* The Messerschmitt abruptly slammed her tail end against the ground, a sharp bang of metal against concrete that made Kenneth wince. Not because of the volume, but because she might damage herself.

"You get away from there!" She screamed. *"Right now!"* Beneath the rage, Kenneth caught the edge of fear in her voice and backed away from her tail, understanding some of her defensiveness now. *"I am not one of those human women, whoring themselves to you in exchange for a sweet word and some food!"* The jet shouted at him, her voice almost painfully loud inside the confines of the hangar. *"They may betray their oath to the Fatherland for candies or cigarettes, American, but I will not!"*

Kenneth walked slowly back in front of the enraged aircraft, making sure that his hands were clearly visible to her. *"I am not going to hurt you, okay? I promise."* He made sure to keep his motions nonthreatening as he walked over and picked up a stool, moving it front of her and sitting down on it. *"My name is Kenneth. All I would like is to know your name…"*

The Messerschmitt continued to stare at him with anger and suspicion but finally, and it seemed with great reluctance, she offered. *"Petra."*

Kenneth smiled faintly and nodded. *Petra.* It was a nice name, and a start. He reached over and grabbed his jacket, pulling out the slightly crumpled box of Lucky Strikes and tapped one into his palm. He slipped the unfiltered cigarette into his mouth, but decided against lighting it. There were too many things in an airplane hangar that could burn with just a few cinders. Instead he just let the cigarette hang there. *"What happened to your pilot?"* He asked her, and watched a new spark of anger flare in her eyes.

"Cowards!" Petra raged, *"All of them are cowards! They ran! We still had ammunition! We still had fuel! We could have still fought! But instead they abandoned me! They wanted to destroy me!"* She lifted her wings like a human throwing their arms up. *"Grenades! They wanted to put grenades in my engine nacelles!"* She shuddered at the thought of it. Kenneth noticed how she had made this a personal affront, using '*me*' instead of 'us'. Petra lowered her wings and frowned. *"He is probably in one of your prisoner of war camps or he is dead. Or he is in the hands of the Soviets and that is as good as dead."*

Kenneth had to agree with her there. The commies had been making land grabs all over Eastern Europe. Anywhere that they 'liberated' from the Germans seemed to be fast turning into good little Red territories. And he knew that there were more than a few American aircrews being 'interned' at Russian camps after crash landing in Soviet territory. One of these days, he was sure, there was going to be a showdown with the Soviet Union. He couldn't see a way around But that was neither here or now, and information that they gleaned from aircraft like Petra and her fellow Me 262s would help put America in the lead in that future, hypothetical conflict. *"When was the last time that you flew?"*

“Ohh…” Petra’s icy eyes grew distant, almost dreamy as she recalled the pleasant memory. *“It was in March…”* She said, *“One of your bomber swarms, over Berlin. It was at the extreme edge of my combat range, but oh how my engines sang that day!”* Her control surfaces moved slightly as she relived the experience in her head. *“There were thirty-seven of us, the most jet aircraft ever assembled for a single sortie! We approached the swarm from the side and opened up with a salvo of Orkan rockets, and then closed to use cannons.”* Kenneth noticed a faint whistling sound, and realized that Petra’s turbojet engines had spooled up slightly, sucking in air through the intakes. *“I did not have long over the battlefield, I would have to return to base to refuel, but I made my attack run on a Flying Fortress. I looped up far behind him,”* Her engines whined louder, and Kenneth smelled a faint kerosene-like odor in the air, *“Then I swept down past the interceptors until I was below the bomber, and a little over a kilometer behind. I pulled up sharply, and he was* ***there****! I could not miss! I-”*

Petra stopped her recollection in mid-sentence, suddenly realizing just what side of the war the man she was talking to had been on. To Kenneth’s surprise, Petra looked genuinely embarrassed with herself. Even more surprising was that she apologized. *“I’m…sorry. Did you know any of them?”* She asked, her breath slightly ragged. Her engines spooled back down, but that faint kerosene smell remained.

For the first time Kenneth noticed the pair of stubby, metallic hands that had emerged from a spot between her landing gear and were wringing together nervously beneath her fuselage. *‘Just like Anne’s.’* He mused, fondly recalling the P-40 Warhawk that had first opened herself up to him over the lonely sands of North Africa. That had been his first encounter with a living machine, but it had not been his last. Somehow, the machines seemed to know of one had bore witness to one of their kind, but Petra was the only one he had seen though that didn’t try and hide it from everybody. He shook his head gently and looked the flustered jet in the eyes. *“No, I didn’t know any of them.”* He said, *“I flew fighters, not bombers. North Africa, Italy, and Normandy campaigns.”* And by the time of the raid she had just described – which had claimed twelve bombers and a fighter, the most successful strike by Me 262s to that date – Kenneth had been working with Colonel Watson’s Team One, trying to locate the planes on the elusive ‘Black List’.

“What will happen to me now?” Petra asked him quietly, all arrogance and pride suddenly gone from her voice. This was a woman who was scared of what the future held in store. *“I do not want to be a trophy of war…the sky is all I have left!”* Petra wavered for a moment, her pride warring against her desires, and then she cast herself over the edge. *“Please, Kenneth, I* ***must*** *fly!”*

Kenneth rocked back slightly on the stool, a little stunned by the desperation in her voice. But could he blame her? To be the culmination of years of technological development, able to fly faster than any other plane out there, gifted with the unique feature of sentience and intelligence, and then to be told that you could no longer do what you were built to do…yes, he would be desperate too. He *had* been that desperate, when the the docs told him that the injuries sustained in his crash landing would prevent him from flying in combat again. He knew that his motivations had been selfish, to make it this close to the finish and be told he was out of the race…but to no longer be able to push himself to those limits? To not feel that kind of freedom…?

To Hell with it…Kenneth grabbed the lighter from his jacket and lit the cigarette still dangling from his lips. He drew in a breath of smooth smoke and exhaled it. *“The Army Air Force is going to ship you back to the United States, and there is nothing I could say or do to change that…”* He told her honestly, and watched her eyes sink to the floor.

“I guess that is your right as the conquerors…” Petra interrupted with bitter sadness in her voice. Kenneth lifted his hand to tell her there was more to what he had to say.

“But you’re not going to wind up in a museum or on Hap Arnold’s front lawn…at least not for some time.” He continued. *“I know for a fact that they’ll want to fly you as much as possible, to see how you perform in flight. They’re also going to want to see how you stack up against the jet fighters that the United States and Great Britain are developing…”* Petra’s eyes widened slightly, her gaze sweeping up towards his. *“The British have the Gloster Meteor, and the U.S. just put the P-80 Shooting Star into service. I think the Brits even managed to shoot down a couple of Arado jet bombers with theirs…”*

Petra was unable to contain the feeling of joy that swelled inside her airframe. To be able to *fly* again, and better, to fly against other *jets*, aircraft that could actually prove a challenge in a dogfight… The thought made her turbines spool up again, her eyes fluttering shut as that kerosene smell rose in the air. To push herself to her utter limits again, to feel that thrill of soaring higher than the angels…she let out a slight gasp, her eyes snapping back open as a familiar electric tingle raced through her. A few silvery drops of excitement oozed from a slit on the underside of her fuselage, rolling down the metal and dripping onto the floor. She stared at the American sitting across from her, swallowing dryly. Her engines whined, the exhaust quickly warming the air inside the battered hangar. *“A-and you promise that this is what will happen?”*

“I promise.” Kenneth nodded, smiling. *“That’s why they sent me here, to see if I could explain the situation to you. None of*

them have seen a living machine before, they didn't know what to do with you." He explained, observing her parted lips and her slightly dilated eyes, and knowing what it meant. Even that sharp avgas smell was growing pleasant to his nose…if not slightly overpowering. But it was getting a little stuffy inside the hangar and he reached up and loosened his tie and collar slightly.*"So, what do you say, Petra? Will you work with us?"*

Petra was a proud aircraft, but even German pride had its limits. She had not flown in *months.* For her, that was a torture beyond compare. And now the skies were open to her again! She could almost *feel* the wind under her wings again… Practically drunk with excitement, she saw Kenneth loosening his top and felt a surge of lust well up inside her. *"Yes, yes! I will work with you, Kenneth!"* She growled, extending a pair of flexible, metallic tendrils from the same port as her 'hands'. They snaked across the floor towards the American and curled around his legs before literally dragging him towards her.

Kenneth just barely managed to keep his balance as he was dragged bodily towards the Messerschmitt, having to throw out his arms to steady himself. The muscles in his injured shoulder stabbed knifes down his arm and across his back, but he grit his teeth and bore the pain. Petra's eyes were locked on his as though her were a target in her gunsights, and he felt her hot breath washing over him as she pulled him practically against her nosecone. He grinned and tilted his head back to place a kiss right on the underside of her nose, placing his hands on her fuselage and feeling the heat radiating from the metal. The vibrations of her engines transmitted through her body and into his. *"I thought you said you weren't the kind to sell yourself…"* He remarked, but couldn't help the grin that formed on his face. Petra shot him a glare even as one of her metallic hands began clawing at his uniform.

Not for candy and cigarettes, American." She reminded him breathlessly, *"But you offered me my life and my freedom back…so shut up before I change my mind…"* Kenneth prudently fell silent, letting his hand come down from her nose and close around hers. He ran his fingers around her metal ones, before reaching up to pull the knot out of his tie, tossing the garment over onto his jacket. Her hand went to his belt and was quickly joined by the second, deftly undoing the buckle. He pulled his shirt free from his slacks and started to unbutton it, feeling his erection rising beneath those dextrous manipulators. Petra fondled the bulge and nodded appreciatively, but she couldn't help but make a jab at his expense. *"Hmm…not as big as Gunther's, but let's see if you can't handle the the Luftwaffe's best, American.*" She teased.

"Oh, I can handle anything you can throw at me." Kenneth finished unbuttoning his shirt and Petra's hands left his groin and ran over his abs, spreading his shirt open as she felt the muscles there, moving up to his pecs. She pulled his shirt off and tossed it somewhere as she continued to explore his flesh. The hands lingered for a moment on the rough patch of skin on his shoulder, before they slid down his arms and to his hands again. Kenneth grinned and gently eased out of her grasp, tracing his hand along her airframe as he walked around her again. As before, she watched him closely, but with a different sort of fire burning in her eyes. Her lips were parted as she panted softly, her fuselage creaking slightly as the Messerschmitt practically wriggled with anticipation.

As he approached her tail again, Petra lifted it up and spread her rear tires apart, leaning forward so that her nosecone almost touched the ground, displaying herself for him. She glanced back over her wings and grinned. Kenneth could see the slit that had become noticeable just in front of the Balkenkreuz, a seam in her fuselage about a foot in length, with silvery, mercury-like fluid glistening around the edges. A cluster of those metallic tendrils emerged from beneath her quivering body, curling towards him. *"What do you think, hmm?"* She asked coyly. *"German engineering at its finest.*"

Kenneth strongly doubted that engineering had anything to do with it, but he took a few steps forward and placed his hands along the heated edges of the slit. A shudder rolled through Petra's airframe, her engines coughing lightly. He spread the edges of her slit with his thumbs, and the trickle of fluid increased, starting to drip down onto the floor and puddle beneath her. He started with his fingers, two of them, sliding them into that strange, semi-metallic port, his fingers and hand rapidly becoming soaked with Petra's fluids as she clamped down on his digits. She seemed to hunch up at the touch, a moan slipping past her lips, the sound almost lost over the sound of her singing turbojets. He grinned and plied a little deeper, sinking his middle and index fingers in down to the knuckles and spreading them apart. The war slogan *'V for Victory!'* popped into his head and he almost burst out laughing.

Petra's hands balled up as she tried to lift her tail even higher, the top of it scraping against the rafters. Kenneth slowly withdrew his fingers and looked at the silvery fluid that coated them for a second, before he used his thumbs to spread the entrance to her slit a little more, enough where he was able to lean in and run his tongue through the channel. Petra howled as her engines screamed, the heat radiating from their exhaust making Kenneth's skin glisten with sweat. Her fluids dripped down his chin and onto his chest as his tongue explored her again. She tasted like gunmetal and kerosene, but for some reason he'd never understand those two unpleasant tastes were intoxicating coming from her. His whole body tingled as he explored, and there was *so much* to explore…

"Stop…Kenneth…st-" Petra panted, *"…Stop teasing, Ameri…American!"* Her tendrils wavered as another flush of heat

pulsed through her, before she set to work removing his pants. She didn’t bother with delicacy, simply popping the button open and yanking them and his underwear down to his ankles. One of her tendrils curled around his shaft and began stroking it firmly, the tip of another brushed against his balls. His cock, already erect, throbbed eagerly under her touches. He grinned and tilted his chin up to sink his tongue a little deeper into her, loving how the jet fighter trembled. He felt electrified, the tingling reaching down to his toes and the tips of his fingers as he lapped at her as eagerly as a cat lapping up cream. Petra squirmed and gasped and protested feebly, but she continued jerking him off with her tendrils, the smooth linkage slithering back and forth over his turgid flesh. *“I…unnh! T-told you…to sto-ahp!… teasing!”* She cried, her eyes squeezed shut as she came closer and closer to a climax. Her engines sputtered as she came close to flaming out.

Kenneth smirked to himself. She wanted him to stop teasing? Very well, he’d stop teasing…with Petra right on the edge. All at once, he pulled his mouth away from that wonderfully smooth seam, a stream of her silvery arousal oozing from his chin. Petra seemed frozen in place, her eyes wide open and her fuselage trembling as her body tried to cope with the sudden cessation of stimulus. Even her engines fell instantly silent, twin gouts of flame flaring from the exhausts as they were suddenly starved of oxygen. Kenneth reached up and wiped his lips, looking down at the bib of fluid that coated his chest. *“Is that better, my dear?”* He teased.

Petra quivered for a moment and then screamed in a rage, smashing aside the tool cart he had placed his bag and clothing on. *“God damn you, you gutless American bastard!”* She shrieked with the fury of a woman denied, launching into a hail of obscenities so vile that even Kenneth’s understanding of the German language couldn’t fully comprehend it. The man door to the hangar opened and one of the G.I.s standing guard outside peered in to see what the commotion had been. He blanched when he saw the Luftwaffe jet with her tail hiked obscenely and the Army Air Force officer standing naked and erect behind her, and Petra directed her fury at the intruder. The stunned G.I. withered under the verbal onslaught and slammed the door behind him in a hurry, likely with one hell of a story to tell the guys outside. With the distraction gone, Petra reared on Kenneth again, the tendrils around his dick had stopped moving, and now coiled like a snake about to strike. *“Now stop toying around and **fuck me!** Fuck me, or suffer the consequences!”*

Kenneth was still grinning when he reached up to place his hands on the sides of her fuselage. Despite herself, Petra shuddered again. *“Kenneth…”* She warned, but slowly began lowering her tail when he pulled down. Kenneth eased down under her fuselage, laying down on his back on the warm hangar floor, his erection pointed up towards her. Petra carefully collapsed her rear landing gear until she had settled down on her engines, her hands and tendrils roaming over his body. As much as they both wanted this moment, she was still four tons of aircraft settling down over him. Her metallic hands gripped his shaft and she positioned her slit over his shaft. As soon as she was in place, she dropped her tail and sank down onto him. His shaft plunged into her, her walls instantly squeezing him like a vice, mercury arousal seeping out around it.

Petra cried out happily, throwing her head back until her fuselage was almost bent like a bow. She lifted her tail and plunged it back down onto him, again and again and again. Kenneth was just along for the ride, and befitting of a jet fighter it was the most intense ride of his life. Her engines shrieked, and Petra, already close to a climax when Kenneth had stopped eating her out, quickly reached that edge again. Her hand found his and squeezed it tightly. This time there was no teasing, no stopping. The Luftwaffe’s last victory over the USAAF. Petra’s flaps extended, her engines strained to pull in more and more air, red-hot exhaust searing the pavement directly behind them. There was a moment where the whole world seemed to hold its breath, and then it exploded like a bomb.

She jerked her tail up, her body twitching, eyes open wide as her head thrashed back and forth. Her tail crashed down again, and Kenneth reached up and clamped his hands against her sides. He thrust his hips up into her, and Petra screamed in rapture, fluid gushing from her as she clenched around him. He kept driving his dick in and out of the climaxing jet, feeling his own climax rapidly building. Her engines flamed out again, and Kenneth smelled his hair singe as he held her body against his, giving a few final thrusts before he groaned and blew his load into her. Even though the hot spurts of cum were nearly overpowered by the gush of her orgasm, her needy slit held his seed inside. Finally spent, Petra slumped, her wingtips drooping towards the ground, her tongue hanging out as she panted for breath. Kenneth felt her walls continuing to clench softly around him as the last echoes of her orgasm faded away.

“I think the whole base knows what we were doing…” Kenneth gasped from beneath her. His waist, stomach, and thighs were a mess of silvery fluid, and he was glad he had brought a change of pants because the pair he had been wearing was now a smoldering lump of burnt fabric that had been caught in the blast of one of her jets. Only then did he notice that a few blisters had formed on his arms and that the sides of his body looked like he’d been sunburned. The entire hangar felt as hot as an oven and it was a miracle that the entire building hadn’t gone up around them.

they can all go hang…” Petra purred, her eyes half-lidded with satisfaction. *“If you are half as good a pilot as you are a lover…”* She grinned, slowly lifting herself up off him. Her landing gear trembled unsteadily, but she stood proudly, practically beaming with the afterglow. Her manipulator hands and tendrils scooped Kenneth up and helped him to his feet. He wiped as much of her fluids from his skin as possible before looking around the hangar to try and find a towel or something to finish cleaning up. *"Where do you think you are going, American?"* Petra asked, quirking a brow in amusement. *"I did not say I was finished with you yet…"* Her hands trailed up his chest and came to rest on his shoulders. Eagerly, she pulled him back towards her, her eyes blazing brightly.

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The sun was noticeably lower in the sky by the time that Kenneth emerged from the hangar, his legs barely able to support his weight. His uniform was as neat as he could make it, but he'd have to shower as soon as possible and brush his teeth, otherwise someone might wonder why his breath smelled like he had been sucking on an exhaust pipe. It was a different group of soldiers guarding the hangar than the ones who had been there when he arrived, but they all stared at him with a mix of disgust and confusion. None of them said anything to him, which was fine with him. What some G.I.s thought of his actions didn't matter to him, but his getting results did. And he had gotten results.

"Lieutenant." A gruff voice interrupted him, and Kenneth spun to see Colonel Harold Watson himself standing nearby. Kenneth snapped to attention and saluted the commanding officer of Operation LUSTY. The Colonel was dressed in his signature leather jacket and white scarf, the man's bushy eyebrows furrowed together slightly. He returned the salute and Kenneth lowered his arm to his side. The Colonel looked over Kenneth's slightly disheveled appearance and the corners of his mouth pulled down into a frown. "So, did it have any demands?" He asked. Like most, the Colonel wasn't ready to accept the reality of living machines. Kenneth wasn't sure if people would ever be ready.

"Just two, sir." He answered. "The first is that she is not disassembled by our technicians. It would literally kill her, sir." Watson's mouth twitched slightly, but he said nothing. "The second is that I be the one to pilot her until the transfer in Cherbourg." Kenneth couldn't help but smile a little bit at the thought. He'd be sure to put her through her paces…and she had promised to show him no mercy either. She had also revealed an interesting tidbit to help sweeten the deal in her favor. "Sir, she did have some information to give us, about another plane, she claimed it was even able to outperform her in a mock dogfight…" He chuckled to himself, that particular bit of information was still a bit of a sore spot for her.

That bit of information seemed to improve the Colonel's demeanor a little. Watson has been…enthusiastic…about the project ever since it's inception. Though some found the man arrogant, even egotistical, none could deny that the man didn't get the job done. And if not for this man's sway, Kenneth would not have been here. "Well, what did she say? Was the information useful?"

Kenneth looked down at the piece of paper folded under his arm, pulling it out and unfolding it for the Colonel to see. Drawn by Petra's hand was an aircraft that made even the highly advanced Me 262 look outright contemporary. A boomerang-shaped aircraft with no vertical control surfaces of any kind. A flying wing. Kenneth looked down at the paper, and back up to the Colonel. "I think so, sir. She called it the the Horten 229…"

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Lt. [redacted] [redacted], USAAF [redacted]
Messerschmitt Me 262A 'Schwalbe'
[redacted] [redacted], 1945
[redacted], [redacted]

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Here we are! My first entry on this website, with plenty more planned to join it! Sorry that it took longer than I had initially planned, but no plan ever survives first contact with the enemy! (The enemy in this case being everyday life.) During the process of writing I came across more and more information about Operation LUSTY (**LU**ftwaffe **S**ecret **T**echnolog**Y**.) and its efforts in the Lechfeld area, and I realized just how inaccurate the earlier parts of the story were. So that required a rewrite of most of the first three pages. However, it's done now and open for you all!

I would really appreciate any feedback you have to offer. Comments, critiques, any of it! I'm still new to writing erotica [illegible] especially involving living machines. So, any help will be immensely appreciated!

Thank you all!

CerebralError

aircraft, CEREBRALERROR, ME 262, Story
18 Comments